

Roxbury, May 10, 1877.

Dear Miss Mack:

Thanks for your letter. The burglary to which my residence was subjected on Monday night last was easily effected, but we knew nothing of it till about breakfast time. Frank lost a good Spring overcoat, and both of us two nice silk umbrellas, the rogues taking them, doubtless, in accordance with the time-honored advice to "lay up something for a rainy day." Of the other articles taken, the silver spoons have been found on Parker Hill by some little boys, secreted among the rocks, and returned to us, with three silver napkin rings. We have no expectation of recovering anything else, or discovering who was the culprit. My heavy winter overcoat was also taken, but for some reason dropped in my yard.



As to the anti-slavery struggle, I have been frequently and urgently importuned, from various quarters, (as in your letter to me,) to write a history of it, or at least some reminiscences—perhaps in the shape of an autobiography of myself; but, thus far, I have shrunk from the task, and positively have not as yet written the first sentence—the probability being that I shall attempt nothing of the kind, for various reasons.

A fortnight ago, my beloved daughter-in-law (Wendell's wife) was stricken with paralysis, combined with epilepsy, to the dethronement of her reason, and she is lying very low, and will probably survive only a few days longer. Indeed, with the mind gone, her recovery is not to be desired. She had made all her arrangements to accompany Frank and myself to England, on the 23d inst. The shock is



a dreadful one to us all, but it has been more or less feared for a year past. It is a staggering blow to her mother and to Wendell, and will be a severe and most untimely bereavement to the three dear children left without a mother's love and care.

Give my kind regards to your father and mother, whose friendship I have for many years greatly prized, and hope to retain it when we are all called to another sphere of existence. I also desire to be kindly remembered to your brother and sister.

Yours, very cordially,  
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.  
Miss Bella Mack.



